

From the Author.

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

O D E S,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

ODE III, L. I. AD NAVEM.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. SIR JOHN DOLBEN, BAR.

PRAEBENDARY OF DURHAM:

ADVISED TO GO FROM LYNN TOWARD DURHAM,
BY SEA, ON ACCOUNT OF THE STONE.

ODE III, L. II. AD DELLIVM.

ADDRESSED TO SIR JOHN TURNER, BAR.

SUCCEEDING HIS UNCLE SIR CHARLES,

IN TITLE, ESTATE, AND PARLIAMENT,

FOR THE BOROUGH OF LYNN.

ODE X, L. I. AD MERCVRIVM.

ADDRESSED TO ANTHONY ASKEW, M. D.

A CELEBRATED GRAECIAN:

POSSESSING THE GOLD-HEADED CANE
OF DOCTOR RADCLIFFE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS PRAESIDENT,
AND THE DOCTOR SENIOR CENSOR OF THE COLLEGE.

BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE, M. D.



*Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures; age, dic Britannum,
Barbite, carmen.*

L O N D O N, MDCCLXVIII.

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APPENDIX
OF
INIMITATION OF HORACE
TO
THE WORTHY AND RESPECTABLE
INHABITANTS
OF THE PROSPEROUS SEA-PORT TOWN OF
LYNN,
FAMOUS FOR ATTACHMENT TO PRINCIPLES OF
LIBERTY:
WHERE THE AUTHOR PRACTISED PHYSIC
ALL HIS YOUNG TIME,
WITH GREATEST SUCCESS, AND SATISFACTION:
THIS APPENDIX
IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

WILLIAM BROWNE.

QUEEN-SQUARE, LONDON, JAN. III, MDCCLXVIII.

— Grata sume manu. HOR.



AD NAVEM, VIRGILIUM VEHEMTEM.

*S*IC te Diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat Pater,
 Obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga,
 Navis, quae tibi creditum
 Debes Virgilium : finibus Atticis
 Reddas incolumem, precor,
 Et serves animae dimidium meae.

Ille

TO THE SHIP, CARRYING SIR JOHN DOLBEN.

*G*O, ship, go, proudly plow your way,
 While honor'd Dolben you convey,
 To Durham's peaceful shore :
 Reliev'd from the Stone's racking pain,
 Waft him most smoothly o'er the main,
 And safe your charge restore.
 So may the never-failing gale
 Propitious fill your swelling sail,
 And at your call attend :
 As you a steady course shall steer,
 And free from danger, pain, and fear,
 Praeserve my dearest Friend.

Illi robur et aes triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus,
 Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti,
 Quo non arbiter Adriae
 Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
 Quem mortis timuit gradum,
 Qui * fixis oculis monstra natantia,
 Qui vidit mare turbidum, et
 Infames scopulos Acrocerania?
 Nequicquam Deus abscidit
 Prudens oceano dissociabiles
 Terras, si tamen impiae
 Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

* siccis.

Audax

Bold was the man, who undismay'd
 In fragile vessel first essay'd,
 To tempt the threat'ning main:
 Whom rocks, and monsters of the deep,
 And storms, wou'd from his purpose keep,
 And bar his way, in vain.

But

*Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*

*Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.*

*Post ignem aethera domo
Subductum, macies, et nova febrium*

*Terris incubuit cohors :
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.*

Expertus

But bolder far was he, who first,
With uncontroll'd assurance, durst
The bounds of right invade:
Who, without pity, or remorse,
Pursuing his ambitious course,
Through seas of blood wou'd wade.
Ambition, with an impious hand,
Assumes from Heav'n divine command,
And arbitrary sway :
That Key, which fatally unlocks
The mischiefs of Pandora's box,
And makes mankind their prey.

Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra

Pennis non homini datis.

Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.

*Nil mortalibus * ardui est.*

Caelum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque

Per nostrum patimur scelus

Iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

** arduum.*

Our second James praesumed to soar,

On pinions of despotic pow'r,

Never design'd for man :

But William's rays melted the wing

Of this Icarian giddy king,

And drown'd his airy plan.

Lewis-le-grand Hell's barrier broke,

And triple-headed Cerberus took,

Fraud, perfidy, and force :

Thus aided, his Herculean soul

Labor'd for universal rule,

But Marlborough check'd his course.

Aspiring Tyrants all things dare,

So mad, as not Heav'n's self to spare,

Unaw'd by pow'rs above :

Did not the Thund'rer's arm prevent,

They wou'd pursue the rash intent,

To wrest the bolt from Jove.

AD DELLIVM.

AE QVAM memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem, non secus ac bonis
 Ab insolenti temperatam
 Laetitia : moriture Delli,
 Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
 Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
 Festos reclinatum bearis
 Interiore nota Falerni.

Qua

TO SIR JOHN TURNER.

SIR JOHN, praeferve an equal mind,
 Unmov'd, if she prove cross or kind,
 Scorn to be Fortune's creature :
 Nor own, that she has made you great,
 With title, lands, and senate-feat,
 To be Yourself is greater.
 Since you must die, your purse will bear it,
 Instead of Port, indulge with Claret,
 Nor die without good living :
 Were you through life's dull path to trudge,
 As grave and sober as a Judge,
 From death there's no reprieving.

Chute

*Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat*

*Lympha fugax trepidare rivo :
Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium breves
Flores amoenae ferre jube rosae,
Dum res, et aetas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.*

Cedes

Chuse then some hospitable shade,
By the old Knight's plantations made,
Trees close with trees uniting :
Where your fine water's peaceful wave
Glides softly, as if loth to leave
A landskip so delighting.
Here take your glass, and strew your roses,
Whose short life warns, with hearty doses,
To seize the present minute :
Injoy, like them, now while you may,
A life though short, yet sweet and gay,
'Tis all that life has in it.

Since

*Cedes coëmptis saltibus, et domo,
 Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
 Cedes : et extructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur haeres.
 Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
 Nil interest, an pauper, et infima
 De gente sub dio moreris,
 Victima nil miserantis Orci.*

Omnes

Since Lynn, and Warham you must quit,
 Your charming lake, your shady feat,
 Still merry let us find you :
 Nor plague your thoughts, to raise a sum,
 For, if you cou'd scrape up a plumb,
 You must leave all behind you.
 How rich, or poor, foe'er you are,
 A beggar, or Sir Charles's heir,
 Differs not as to dying :
 For Death makes no more beds but one,
 And though fair Fame inscribe a stone,
 That alters not your lying.

Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium

Versatur urna serius ocius

Sors exitura, et nos in aeternum

Exsilium impositura cymbae.

Here we must all, or soon or late,

Be lodg'd together, small and great,

Then chearful wait your summons :

For, while Fate's wheel turns up each lot,

Old Charon, in his scurvy boat,

Plies for King, Lords, and Commons.

AD MERCVRIVM.

*T*V *pias laetis animas reponis*

Sedibus, levemque virga coërces

Aurea turbam, superis Deorum

Gratus, et imis.

TO DOCTOR ASKEW.

L I K E Mercury, with golden rod,
Souls you dispatch, both good, and evil:

The first you send, as gifts to God,

The last, as presents to the Devil.

In favor thus, both high, and low :

The doubt is, where your own can go.

I shou'd expect, it will be seen

Hanging, like Mah'met's tomb, between :

Or, Greek, with full Ionic stretch,

Perhaps, to both may make it reach.

F I N I S.

O D E,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,
 ADDRESSED TO R. H. ROBERT LORD WALPOLE,
EPODE III. AD MAECENATEM.

D E A L L I O.

*P*ARENTIS olim si quis impia manu
 Senile guttur fregerit,
 Edat cicutis allium nocentius.

O

TO ROBERT LORD WALPOLE,
 ON TOBACCO.

*F*OR Parricide *, that worst of crimes,
 Hemlock's slow poison, in old times,
 Scarce taught the rogues repentance:
 But, had Tobacco then been known,
 Its burning juices swallow'd down
 Had prov'd a fitter sentence.

* *Cicuta* was the Athenian capital punishment. The Romans, supposing the crime impossible to be committed, had no punishment at all for it, till some ages after the building their city, when L. Ostius being the first convicted of it, a Law was made, and afterwards re-inacted by Pompey the great, under the title, *Lex Pompeia de parricidiis*. *Qua reus, insutus culeo cum cane, et gallo-gallinaceo, et vipera, et simia, vel in vicinum mare, vel in annem projiciatur. Ut omnium elementorum usu vivus carere incipiat, et ei coelum superstiti, et terra mortuo auferatur.* *Iustin. Inst.* The Chinese are said, to hold it impossible, for the true son to kill his true father.

How

*O dura messorum ilia !
 Quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis ?
 Num viperinus his cruor
 Incoctus herbis me fefellit ? An malas
 Canidia tractavit dapes ?*

Vt

How callous are the lab'rer's jaws,
 Who this vile weed both smokes and chaws,
 And feasts upon the venom !
 While I, by chance, a taste once got,
 Which so inflam'd my mouth and throat,
 I thought all Hell was in 'em.
 Sure this dire drug, that serv'd me thus,
 The deadly viper's pois'nous juice
 Infus'd must have great share in :
 Or else, some hag, with midnight wish,
 Procur'd it, as a special dish
 Of Satan's own praeparing.

This

*Vt Argonautas inter omnes candidum
 Medea mirata est ducem,
 Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,
 Perunxit hoc Iasonem.
 Hoc delibetis ulta donis pellicem,
 Serpente fugit alite,*

This was the charm, Medea taught
 Her dear advent'rous Argonaut,
 To steal the golden fleece with :
 Down bulls and dragons gaping throat
 A quid he threw, which quick as thought
 The brutes were laid at peace with.
 Ting'd in Tobacco's baleful oil,
 Her presents made her rival broil,
 Past Jason's art of quenching :
 And, when he swore revenge, the witch
 Mounted aloft, astride her switch,
 Pleas'd she had spoil'd his wenching.

Under

*inquam siderum insedit vapor
 Siticulosae Apuliae :
 Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
 Inarsit aestuosius.
 At si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
 Iocose Maecenas, precor,
 Manum puella fœvio opponat tuo,
 Extrema et in sponda cubet.*

Under the Line I'd rather live,
 And the Sun's fiercest ray receive,
 How apt foe'er to burn us :
 Nay, Hercules's shirt I'd wear,
 Or any flame much sooner bear,
 Than a Pipe's fiery furnace.
 My merry Lord, if quid, or whiff,
 You ever take of this damn'd leaf,
 May you meet what you dread most :
 May Chloë, when with her you lie,
 And press to kiss her, put you by,
 And rather hug the bed-post.

F I N I S.

Addendum to the Ode to Doctor Askew.

Virgil's fine tree heav'n-branching, thus,
 Strikes as deep root to Tartarus.
 Georg. II. v. 291. — *quantum vertice ad auras
 Aethereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.*
 ΑΣΚΟΣ βασιλῆς, δύναμις δὲ τοῖς ἐν δέμοις ἐστίν.